

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Make choice of whome your wisest friends you will,
And they shall heare and iudge twixt you and me,
If by direct or by colaturall hand
They find vs toucht, we will our kindome giue,
Our crowne, our life, and all that we call ours
To you in satisfaction; but if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to vs,
And we shall ioyntly labour with your soule
To giue it due content.

Laer. Let this be so.

His meanes of death, his obscure funerall,
No trophæ, sword, nor hachment ore his bones,
No noble right, nor formall ostentation,
Cry to be heard as twere from heauen to earth,
That I must call't in question.

King. So you shall,
And where th'Offence is, let the great axe fall.
I pray you goe with me. *Exeunt.*

Enter Horatio and others.

Hora. What are they that would speake with me?

Gen. Sea-faring men sir, they say they haue Letters for you,

Hora. Let them come in.

I doe not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted. If not from Lord Hamlet. *Enter Saylers.*

Say. God blesse you sir.

Hora. Let him blesse thee to.

Say. A shall sir and please him, there's a Letter for you sir, it came
from th'Embassador that was bound for England, if your name bee
Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

Hora. *Horatio*, when thou shalt haue ouer-look't this, giue these fel-
lowes some meanes to the King, they haue Letters for him: Ere wee
were two daies old at Sea, a Pyrat of very warlike appointment gaue
vs chase, finding our selues too slow of faile, we put on a compelled
valour, and in the grapple I boarded them, on the instant they got
cleere of our ship, so I alone became their prisoner, they haue dealt
with me like the eues of mercy, but they knew what they did: I am to
doe a turne for them, let the King haue the Letters I haue sent, and
repayre thou to mee with as much speed as thou wouldst fly death.
I haue words to speake in thine eare wil make thee dumbe, yet are
they

Prince of Denmarke.

they much too light for the bord of the matter, these good fellowes
will bring thee where I am, *Rosencraus* and *Guildersterne* hold their
course for England, of them I haue much to tell thee, farwell.

So that thou knowest thine Hamlet.

Hora. Come I will make you way for these your letters,
And doo't the speedier that you may direct me
To him from whome you brought them. *Exeunt.*

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must y our conscience my acquittance scale,
And you must put me in your heart for friend,
Sith you haue heard and with a knowing care,
That he which hath your noble father slaine
Pursued my life:

Laer. It well appeares: but tell me
Why you proceede not against these seates
So criminall and so capitall in nature,
As by your safety, greatnes, wisdom, all things els,
You mainly were stirr'd vp.

King. O for two speciall reasons
Which may to you perhaps seeme much vnfinow'd.
But yet to me tha'r strong, the *Queené* his mother
Lives almost by his lookes, and for my selfe,
My vertue or my plague, be it either which,
She is so concliue to my life and soule,
That as the starre mooues not but in his sphere
I could not but by her, the other moriue,
Why to a publique count I might not goe,
Is the great loue the generall gender beare him,
Who dipping all his faults in their affection,
Worke like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Conuert his Gieues to graces, so that my arrowes
Too slightly tymbered for so loued armes,
Would haue reuerted to my bow againe,
But not where I haue aym'd them.

Laer. And so haue I a noble father lost,
A sister driuen into desperat termes,
Whose worth, if prayses may goe backe againe

L 3

Stood